

**A Tree By John Hutchings**

**Nov. 1, 1939**

**I stood and gazed upon a tree  
Decked out in full attire.  
It's glossy green had turned to gold  
With streaks of crimson fire.**

**It's kingly form filled me with awe  
As it shone there in the sun.  
Each falling leaf reflected back  
The joy of work well done.**

**I bowed my head in silent thought  
And while I lingered there;  
Full half a dozen passer-bys  
Had stopped the sight to stare.**

**Then went again upon their way  
Each bettered by the pause,  
Half conscious that the mighty tree,  
Was teaching God's great law.**

**Dear God, help me to become like  
The common things of life.  
Help me to lift a smiling face,  
When tried with care and strife.**

**And when life's autumn places streaks  
Of silver on the gold  
When steps grow short and shoulders stoop  
And I have grown old.**

**My some wayward youth on pleasure bent,  
Pass by and look at me.  
And see that shining in my face  
Which I see in this tree.**